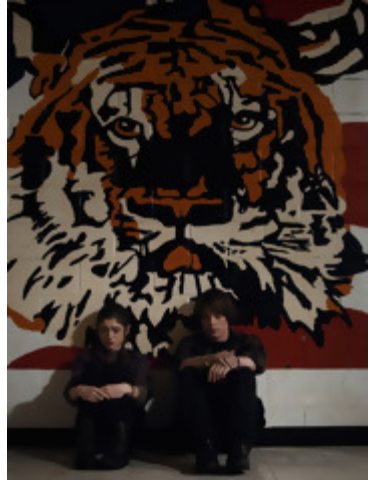

Our December by ButterflyWhisperer

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Summary: Nancy Wheeler lost her best friend. Ever since then she's been holding in her pain. What happens when she can't take it anymore and Jonathan Byers is there to comfort her? Just a cute fluff one-shot between Nancy & Jonathan.

Our December

A/N: Okay so I just finished Stranger Things and I absolutely loved it. Very well written, the plot was fantastic, the character development was great, and the actors were phenomenal. To be honest, I could go on and on for hours about why I loved it. But, what I really loved was Jonathan and Nancy's relationship. I am not a Steve hater though. In fact, I like his character so even though I would like to see them together, hopefully the show won't hurt Steve or do it way too soon next season. I feel like Nancy still needs to heal over like Barb's death and everything else that occurred, so that's why this fic is paying homage to it in a way. It's also based on the song *Our December* by Thriving Ivory. Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy!

Disclaimer: I don't own Stranger Things

Jonathan Byers wasn't much for flashy get togethers. After all, he wasn't a big fan of people. Tended to stay as much as he could out of everyone's way in Hawkins High School. Ever since the disappearance and reappearance of Will, things have changed. He now hung out with Nancy Wheeler and Steve Harrington, as odd as that sounded. Only a few weeks ago it was Steve who smashed Jonathan's camera. Now the two would talk casually. They weren't best friends, but more so allies. It was Nancy who Jonathan tended to gravitate towards more, but probably because he spent the most time with her.

Today was New Years Eve and he was standing in Steve Harrington's home along with at a good portion of the school. Jonathan was currently against a wall trying to find a nice place to fit in. He had a coke in his hand and camera around his neck.

Steve invited him to come over. Of course, Jonathan was reluctant to go at first. He's never been to one of these parties before. But after encouragement from his mother and Nancy, he decided to see how it was. After all, might as well go to one of these big parties before he graduates. It didn't seem too bad though. Definitely not his normal forte, but none the less interesting. Steve even asked him if it was

cool to take some pictures.

"Hey, Byers! Enjoying the party?" Steve asked, walking over. In the process giving Jonathan a pat on the back.

"Yeah," Jonathan answered, giving Steve a friendly smile. Ever since they fought off that *thing* together, Steve's been trying to make it up to Jonathan. He was turning over a new leaf. "It's pretty great!"

"Hey guys!" Nancy Wheeler chimed, walking over.

Jonathan immediately smiled at her. Nancy was dressed in a simple red dress that went to her knees. She also had on black stockings with black flats. Her hair curled and pinned up halfway. Everyone thought Nancy Wheeler was the epitome of beauty tonight.

"Hey," Jonathan and Steve replied simultaneously.

"It's almost midnight, you all know what that means," Nancy sung, motioning to the clock on the wall.

"Oh right!" Steve exclaimed, wrapping his arm around Nancy. "I hope Miss Nancy Wheeler will be joining me on this fine night by kissing me into the new year?"

Nancy laughed, pressing her lips to Steve's cheek, "Of course. Come on though, everyone's gathered in the living room to watch the ball drop."

"Well, let's go then," Steve said, ushering his girlfriend with him into the crowd. Jonathan shyly followed the couple into the room where everyone was gathered around the T.V.

Moments later everyone was starting the countdown. He looked towards Nancy and Steve who were counting down with everyone else. Jonathan wasn't sure if he should join it, so he just starred at the screen.

Soon a big loud cheer emerged from everyone in the home. "Happy 1984!" People cried out. Noise makers were banging furiously, screams filled the air that were audible for miles, along with sharp booming claps.

Jonathan Byers smiled, watching as people threw confetti, kissed their significant other, and just cheered happily with their friends. He looked back at Nancy and Steve now. They were midway through a kiss, smiles on their faces. Nancy's arms were wrapped around her boyfriend's neck while his hands were on her torso.

To think, only a few weeks ago this town was in absolute panic. Now they were gathered around Steve Harrington's television set having the time of their lives.

Jonathan took pictures of his peers. Everyone happily posed for pictures. It was kind of nice being able to use his camera like this. After all, photography was his passion.

"Byers!" He turned back to see Steve waving at him. "Can you take a picture of Nancy and me?"

"Sure," Jonathan replied softly, walking up to them.

Nancy gave him a smile as Steve wrapped his arms around his girlfriend. Jonathan focused the camera on the two. They really did seem happy, but Jonathan Byers noticed something off about Nancy. He could see a sort of sadness in her eyes as the flash of the camera went off.

"Thanks, man. Really appreciate it," Steve said, giving Jonathan a pat on the back.

"No problem," Jonathan replied. He looked back at Nancy. Even though she looked like she was having a good time, he couldn't help but see once again, a girl who was trying to be something she wasn't. Or at least this time a girl who was trying to pretend like everything was okay.

After the clock stuck twelve, the party was still hopping. It probably would be going till dawn because Steve's parents were out of town, but then again most people would be clearing out soon. Since Will and Barb disappeared most people don't like to stay out too late in Hawkins.

Jonathan was planning to leave any minute. He wanted to get back

home in time to wish his mother and Will a Happy New Years.

As he was about to exit the premise, he noticed a figure outside. He looked closer to see it was Nancy Wheeler. She was sitting cross legged at the edge of Steve's now closed off pool.

Jonathan bit his lip. He should probably go, but he couldn't. Slowly, he opened up the screen door. No one else was outside. It was too damn freezing for anyone to be out here willingly. Well, everyone else but Nancy.

He approached the young girl carefully. He thought she would look up at him since it was pretty obvious he was in her view, but her eyes just stayed fixated on the pool.

Jonathan didn't say anything. He just took a seat beside her and stayed there for a couple of long silent moments. Automatically, he noticed how her body was shivering. Without waiting, he quickly shimmied off his coat. He handed the piece of clothing to her, causing Nancy to look at him puzzled.

"It's freezing. Take it," He told her, holding it up.

"I'm fine," Nancy stuttered, rubbing her arms.

"You're turning blue. Please, just take it," Jonathan pleaded with his friend.

"What about you?" Nancy questioned, raising her eyebrows. "I'm not going to take your coat away just because I was dumb and didn't put mine on."

Jonathan shrugged, "I'm fine. I'm wearing a sweater underneath unlike you who's in nothing but that dress."

Nancy sighed, taking Jonathan's offer. She then slipped into the winter coat, letting the warmth flood her body. She could detect Jonathan's scent right away as it flood up in her nose. Nancy hugged on tightly to the coat, trying to warm up her once ice frozen body.

"So...Do you want to tell me why you're out here alone?" Jonathan finally asked. "Or are you just going to sit there?"

Nancy paused for a few moments before finally speaking up, "She was supposed to go shopping with me."

"Who?" Jonathan questioned.

"Barb," Nancy stated sadly. Her eyes were still not moving from the pool cover. "For new years. We were going to go shopping, come to Steve's party...We had everything planned out months ago. Tonight was supposed to be perfect..."

"It wasn't?" Jonathan asked quietly.

Nancy shook her head, "I mean, I guess I had fun. Everything with Steve is fine. The party was really good...It's just Barb's not here. Barb was supposed to be here. She was supposed to get a New Years kiss from her crush, Bobby Winter. But instead he was kissing Sheila Martin. She should've been here!"

Jonathan watched as the tears began to weld up in Nancy's eyes. He felt guilty, every single day, that he was fortunate enough to get Will back in his life. Meanwhile, Nancy would never see her best friend again. The Holland's would never know what happened to their daughter or ever get closure.

"I'm sorry, Nancy," Jonathan told her sincerely. "I really am."

Nancy sniffled, "You shouldn't be. It's not your fault."

"I'm still sorry," Jonathan remarked.

"It's all my fault," Nancy whispered, trying to blink away the tears.

"No it's not!" Jonathan insisted.

"Yes it is!" Nancy cried out. "I was such a bad friend. I should've gone home with her. If we went home she would've been still here. She would've been at this party and not be forever stuck in 1983!"

"Nancy," Jonathan whispered. Nancy just shook her head, refusing to listen to any sort of reason.

"I wish I could just go back. Tell her I'm sorry. Tell her how much she

meant to be," Nancy explained, chocking on her sobs. "She was my best friend. We knew each other since we were kids, and now she's gone!"

Jonathan couldn't stand it anymore. He could see the heartbreak in her eyes. The same sadness that's carried with her all through the night. In fact, the same look in her eyes that she's had ever since that fateful night where she found out what really happened to Barb.

He wanted to say the right thing to her so badly, but Jonathan Byers didn't know what to tell her. He thought back to when his mother divorced Lonnie. Or basically that whole relationship in general. How heartbroken his mom became and how alone she felt. Jonathan spent many nights trying to comfort his mother. All his father ever did was cause their family pain. He's taken care of his mother and Will for as long as he could remember. That's his job. He's always been a care taker. Ready to bare the pain for others. It's just who Jonathan Byers was.

So seeing Nancy like this, it hurt him. She was such a strong person. He didn't want her to feel this kind of pain- the pain of loosing a best friend. He remembers vividly what it was like when he thought Will died. How he just felt so alone and angry. He could see the same in her eyes.

Jonathan placed a hand on her shoulder as Nancy just let the sobs out. But he couldn't take it anymore, so he just took her into his arms. Nancy gripped on to Jonathan, burying her face into his shoulder. He sobs muffled now as his arms wrap around her body tight. Her frame shaking against him as he tried to soothe her as best as he could. He pressed a kiss to the top of her head before laying his cheek against her hair.

Meanwhile, Nancy Wheeler couldn't stop the tears from flowing. In fact, she probably hasn't cried about this at all. Ever since she found out she's held it in. She couldn't tell her mother. She could tell Mike, but Mike just got Will back and he's trying so hard to get over El. It wouldn't be fair to him to hear Nancy cry over her dead best friend. Then there was Steve. Nancy really liked Steve, problem was Steve couldn't possibly understand what was going through her head right now. He's a good guy, Nancy just didn't know how to relate with him

right now. Then there was Jonathan, someone that went through this whole crazy thing with her from beginning to end. She felt like she could trust him with this. Nancy thought by maybe pouring her soul out to him for a bit, the pain would stop. All it did was just consume her.

She probably cried for what felt like hours. Her tears soaking Jonathan Byers' shirt. Everything was blurry by the time she could finally stop. Her fingers gripping to the fabric of the sweater. Her eyes salty wet. Nancy tried to slow down her breathing. She listened to Jonathan's in the process, trying to copy his even breath's.

When she finally felt okay, Nancy pulled up slightly to find herself looking right into Jonathan's eyes.

"I'm sorry," She said meekly, wiping away some tears with her thumb. Her already rosy cheeks turning pinker from embarrassment. "I just..."

"It's okay," Jonathan told her, rubbing Nancy's arm gently. "I understand. You were going to have to let it out at one point."

Nancy nodded stiffly, wiping her eyes some more. "I've tired to ignore it, but I can't deny everything that's happened. It isn't...It's isn't right."

"I understand," Jonathan replied. "She was your best friend. It hurts to loose someone that close to you. Even though you might not want to face that kind of pain, you just have to or you'll never get through it. You'll keep ignoring it until one day it destroys you completely."

Nancy gave Jonathan a bittersweet smile, "Thanks."

"Anytime," Jonathan told her softly, a small smile appearing on his face.

Snowflakes began to fall from the sky, dancing upon the two young adults. Nancy and Jonathan looked up, watching as it began to stick to the ground.

"First snowfall of the new year," Nancy mused, looking around.

"Yeah..." Jonathan agreed quietly. He paused, biting his lip. He felt wrong to be out here with Nancy. She should be with her boyfriend.

"Do you want me to get Steve? Not to leave you, but I should get home soon."

"Um, no. It's okay. I was going to head home too," Nancy confessed, getting up with her friend.

"Do you need a ride?" Jonathan asked knowing she doesn't own a car yet.

"Um yeah," Nancy answered, smiling up at him. "That would be great. Thanks."

"Alright," Jonathan agreed. After thanking Steve for inviting him, Jonathan Byers jumped into his car.

Meanwhile Nancy Wheeler kissed her boyfriend goodnight, telling him Happy New Years before heading into the car with her friend.

The drive to the Wheeler's was silent. They didn't say much for the rest of the trip until they pulled up to Nancy's house.

"Jonathan?" Nancy said to him softly in the midst of the night.

"Yes?"

Nancy bit her lip, her eyes refusing to look at Jonathan's, "Look...I feel like this is going to be asking too much."

"What?" Jonathan questioned slowly, raising his eyebrows.

"Will you stay with me tonight?" Nancy asked him in a rush. In the process, squinting her eyes shut. "I don't want to be alone."

Jonathan looked at her surprised, "Um...I guess."

"Thank you," Nancy replied quietly.

The two then snuck upstairs into Nancy's room, trying very hard not to wake the Wheelers up. Swiftly, after telling her parents she made it home, Nancy locked the door behind her. Meanwhile Jonathan Byers stood awkwardly in the room. He wasn't sure exactly what to do.

Nancy, after getting changed into her pajamas in the bathroom, crawled under the covers. Meanwhile Jonathan took a seat on the floor. He felt like he was crossing boundaries. Nancy was still Steve's girlfriend.

"You can come up on the bed, you know," Nancy remarked quietly.

"I don't know..." Jonathan trailed off, biting his lip. "What about Steve-"

"I'm not asking you to kiss me or anything," Nancy retorted. "I just...Look, I knew this was too much to ask. I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Jonathan told her, taking a seat at the edge of her bed. "I just want to know, why me tonight and not Steve?"

"I feel like I can't talk about this with him," Nancy confessed softly. "Look, I do like Steve. A lot. I just feel like I can't talk about this with him...Not now at least. But you, I feel like I can with you. I don't know! It's stupid..." The tears began to drip from her eyes.

"It's not stupid to miss your friend," Jonathan insisted quietly. Without saying another word he crawled onto the bed with Nancy Wheeler.

Once again the young girl ended up in his arms. Nancy's hands gripping to the fabric of Jonathan's shirt, her head against his chest. Jonathan just ran a hand through her hair to soothe her.

"Thanks, Jonathan," Nancy replied quietly.

He just nodded his head as they lay their in silence, "And Jonathan?"

"Hmmm?" He hummed.

"Happy New Year," Nancy told him sleepily.

"Happy New Year, Nancy," Jonathan replied, a small smile making it's way onto his face. That's how the two stayed. For the rest of the night, Jonathan Byers would hold Nancy Wheeler until the winter light would begin to shine through her window.

Without wanting to wake her, Jonathan snuck out of the Wheeler house before anyone else could see him. He wanted to stay with Nancy until she woke up, but he couldn't. He was already pushing a boundary he should've never pushed.

Jonathan Byers sighed as he sat in his car. There was a sort of attraction he held for Nancy. He wasn't going to deny the feelings he had for her...But right now, she didn't him like that. She had Steve to be her boyfriend. He was a good guy and they deserved to be together. But deep down inside, Jonathan Byers hoped that one day maybe he could be with Nancy in that way. For now, he would just be her friend because that's what she needed more than anything right now. A friend.

And with that, Jonathan Byers drove far away from the Wheeler household with hope for 1984.

We were holding our future in hand
A place to fly and a place to land
Our December would be sure to last
Said there be no rush for the year to pass

- Our December, Thriving Ivory